

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 12.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY AUGUST 15, 1860.

NUMBER 32.

STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

W. H. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.

TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum if paid

within six months from the time of subscri-

bing: two dollars and fifty cents if not paid

within the year. No subscription taken for

a less period than six months; no discoun-

tinances permitted until all arrearages are

paid, unless at the option of the editor.

The terms of advertising will be as follows:

One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00

Every subsequent insertion, 25

One square, three months, 3 00

One year, 8 00

WONDER WHAT'S THE REASON?

BY J. S. BURNHART.

There's a little lovely valley,

A romantic "Spruce Dell,"

Where my spirit often wanders—

What's the cause I cannot tell!

There I long to sit and listen,

To the cheerful morning lay,

Of a joyous little feathered tribe,

A singing all the day.

There are gentle summer sunbeams,

Where the fragrant flowers grow,

And they set my heart a throbbing—

What's the cause I do not know!

Over yonder in the valley—

Down along the "Spruce Dell,"

Lives a fair and gentle Maiden—

Wonder whether she could tell!

Wonder whether she is thinking,

Of these singing little birds—

Whether sweeter strains of music,

Could not dwell in little words.

Yes, I wonder whether Cupid,

With his funny little dart,

Ever writes his sweetest music,

On the tablet of her heart.

Shouldn't wonder when I know it—

I have seen her bosom heave—

And a lovely smile upon her face,

That taught me to believe.

But I wonder what's the reason,

Why I love the "Spruce Dell,"

Why I love the "mossy valley"—

Could the gentle Maiden tell?

I am happy when a thinking—

'Tis a wonder why I should,

But I couldn't tell the reason,—

No, I wouldn't if I could.

JOSEPH LANE, OF OREGON.

A RAPID SUMMARY OF HIS LIFE.

JOSEPH LANE, the second son of John Lane and Elizabeth Street, was born in North Carolina, on the 14th of December, 1801. In 1804 the father emigrated to Kentucky, and settled in Henderson county. He had the benefit of having sprung from Revolutionary stock, and, if he learned little else, imbibed many stirring lessons of patriotism and its glorious results from the elders who surrounded the hearthstone of his boyhood. At an early age he shifted for himself, and entered the employ of Nathaniel Hart, Clerk of the County Court. In 1816 he went into Warwick county, Indiana, became a clerk in a mercantile house, married, in 1820, a young girl of French and Irish extraction, and settled on the banks of the Ohio, in Vanderburg county.

Young Lane soon became the man of the people among whom he had cast his lot—In 1822, then barely eligible, he was elected to the Indiana legislature, and took his seat, to the astonishment of many older worthies. Hon. Oliver H. Smith, a new member likewise, and since a United States Senator from 1837 to 1843, describes, in a work recently published, the appearance of Lane on the occasion. "The roll-calling progressed as I stood by the side of the clerk. 'The county of Vanderburg and Warwick' said the clerk. I saw advancing a slender, freckled-faced boy, in appearance eighteen or twenty years of age. I marked his step as he came up to my side, and have often noticed his air since: it was General Joseph Lane, of Mexican and Oregon fame in after years."

On the Ohio, Lane became extremely popular as a good neighbor and a man of enlarged hospitality. Near his dwelling, the river has a bar, which never fails at low water to detain a small fleet of boats. Lane's farm-house had ever its doors open; an invitation was extended to all to come and help themselves, the host never consenting to receive remuneration, though hundreds have mistaken his store. Any boatman on the river, says a reliable informant, left himself at liberty to take any of his boats for temporary use without asking. Such was Joseph Lane on his homestead. Acquaintance with river life made him a good pilot of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, which gained him an additional meed of respect from the "river men."

As farmer, produce-dealer, and legislator, many years rolled over his head, every year adding to his popularity as a man, both in his private and public capacity. He was frequently re-elected by the people, and continued to serve them at short intervals, in either branch of the legislature, for a period of twenty-four years.

Mr. Lane was a fearless legislator, always acting from a conscientious belief in truth of his views, and following them up with spirit and undeviating vigilance. Those who are best acquainted with this portion of his career, delight to dwell upon the zeal and tenacity with which he upheld the wrongs which threatened to thwart his designs for good. He is, however, a man of deeds rather than words—though he does not lack the power to express his views clearly and forcibly.

Never in favor of expediency, he was always for what seemed right to him.—When it was thought that Indiana, overburdened with debt, would be compelled to repudiate, the prospect of the disgrace which would thereby result to the State aroused all his indignant energies. He would not hear of such a thing. He felt it would be a disgrace to him, as a working-man, with the will and the strength to labor, to repudiate a debt. What was it, then, to a State of which he was a representative? He toiled untiringly to avert it, and had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts successful.

In politics, General Lane has always been of the Jefferson and Jackson school. Possessing a strong intellect, and a memory retentive of facts, and quick to use them, he has become thoroughly acquainted with the history and politics of the country. Mr. Yule observes, "He has written with his plough and sword, and spoken by his deeds; and though unused to the ornaments of rhetoric and literature, he is, nevertheless, powerful in debate, and especially well qualified in political and Presidential conflicts on the stump to overwhelm the opponents of Democracy." He supported Jackson in 1824, '28, and '32, gave his voice and energies for Van Buren in 1836 and '40, "as long as the latter followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," and went for Polk in 1844. His activity and earnestness were contagious, and could not but infuse into those about him, and into the public men of the State generally, the spirit which had led him to so honorable a prominence.

In the spring of 1846, the war commenced between the United States and Mexico, and a call was made upon Indiana for volunteers. Lane, then a member of the State Senate, immediately resigned, and entered Captain Walker's company as a private.—He chose Walker as his commander, having a high opinion of his bravery—an opinion which that gallant officer's conduct and death at Buena Vista completely justified. When the regiment met at the rendezvous—New Albany—Joseph Lane was taken from the ranks by the unanimous voice of the men, and placed at the head as Colonel; and in a very few days afterward he received—unsought and unexpected by him—a commission from President Polk as brigadier-general. On the 9th of July he wrote a letter of acceptance, and entered on the command of the three regiments forming his brigade. Two weeks after (24th of July) he was at the Brazos, with all his men, and concluded the report announcing his arrival to General Taylor in these words: "The brigade I have the honor to command is generally in good health and fine spirits, anxious to engage in active service." On the 20th of August, he wrote to Major-General Butler, claiming active service. His brigade did not relish being left in the rear to garrison towns or to guard provisions and military stores, while the regular army, and the volunteers ordered on to Camargo, would have the honor of having been actively engaged.

Lane had an idea that the Indiana men were raised to do some fighting, and he was impatient of delay. The second day after his letter to Butler, he wrote again to General Taylor, complaining of the advance of troops out of their order of precedence. Without being disrespectful, he demanded for his command a share in the dangers and honors of the active service. Despite his anxiety to go on, he had to remain several months in a most irksome mood, on the swampy banks of the Rio Grande, where his troops, suffering under the sweltering sun, were decimated by the pestilential diseases of the climate.

At length he was ordered to Sallito, and made civil and military commandant of that post by Major-General Butler. After the battle of Monterey, Lane was ordered to join General Taylor.

The famous battle of Buena Vista was fought on the 22d and 23d of February, 1847. General Lane was third in command, and served on the left wing. From the beginning to the end he was in the hottest of the fight. On the morning of the 23d; Lane had the honor of opening the continuation of the battle, on the plain, where he was attacked by a force of from four to five thousand infantry, artillery, and lancers, under Gen. Ampudia. At this crisis, Lane's force was reduced to four hundred men; and with this phalanx he received the Mexican onset.

As Lane commenced the fight on the 23d, so was he in "at the death." The Illinois and Kentucky regiments, suffering sorely, were falling back under a terrible charge by the collected infantry of Santa Anna, when Lane, though wounded, came up with the Indiana men, and with the Mississippi men, under Colonel Jefferson Davis, opened a destructive fire upon the Mexicans, checked their advance, and enabled the retreating regiments to form and return to the contest. Failing to pierce the American centre, Santa Anna retired from the field.

In this battle, where all were heroes, it is the more honorable to find Lane, with four or five others, particularly noticed. Here is a picture of him: "When the grape and musket-shot flew as thick as hail over and through the lines of our volunteers, who began to waver before the fiery storm, their brave general could be seen fifty yards in advance of the line, waving his sword with an arm already shattered by a musket-ball, streaming with blood, and mounted on a noble charger, which was gradually sinking under the loss of blood from five distinct

Major-General Wool, writing to Lane, May 23d, regrets that he is about to lose his valuable services, and testifies to his readiness to do honor to his command, his country, and himself. Again, July 7th, Wool writes, "I have seen you in all situations—at the head of your brigade, in the drill, and in the great battle of the 22d and 23d of February; and, in the course of my experience, I have seen few, very few, who behaved with more zeal, ability, and gallantry, in the hour of danger." And General Taylor, in his report, says, "Brigadier General Lane (slightly wounded), was active and zealous throughout the day, and displayed great coolness and gallantry before the enemy."

Remaining encamped near the battle-field until June, he was ordered, with his brigade, to New Orleans, where the latter was disbanded, its term of service having expired. On his return home, public festivals at New Albany and Evansville greeted him, while his appearance everywhere commanded and elicited the most enthusiastic admiration. An order to join Taylor's line, however, allowed him but a short season of repose in the bosom of his family.

Having been transferred to General Scott's line of operations, he reached Vera Cruz, with his command, on the 16th of September, 1847. On the 20th, he set out for the city of Mexico, at the head of two thousand five hundred men. At Jalapa this force was increased by Major Lally's column of one thousand men, and at Perote by a company of mounted riflemen, two of volunteer infantry, and two pieces of artillery.

Leaving his train at San Antonio Taamara with a suitable defence, Lane marched against Huamantla with over two thousand men. On the morning of the 9th of October, the people were startled by the approach of the soldiers. White flags were immediately displayed; but no sooner had the advanced guard, under Captain Walker, entered the town, than volley after volley assailed it. A deadly combat ensued.—Walker gallantly charged on a body of five hundred lancers and two pieces of artillery on the plaza. General Lane, advancing at the head of his column, encountered the heavy reinforcement of Santa Anna, who had arrived with his full force. Soon the roar of battle resounded from street to street. For a short time the Mexicans confronted their assailants with the energy of despair; but the terrible decision of the Americans prevailed, and their flag soon waved over the treacherous town. A large quantity of ammunition was captured, and some prisoners—one of whom was Major Turbide, son of the former emperor of Mexico. This was the last field on which Santa Anna appeared in arms against the United States. For this victory Lane was brevetted major-general.

Having rejoined his train, General Lane arrived at Puebla on the 12th of October. Lane's campaign, from the departure from Vera Cruz up to this point, was a series of brilliant movements and victories. A surgeon attached to his command wrote home, about this period, that no writers—the soldiers—could tell with what ingenuity and bravery Lane conducted his handful of men. "I never"—he adds—"before could understand how cowards were transformed into brave men as by miracle."

The battle of Tehuacapan was the last fought in Mexico. Peace was soon declared; but Gen. Lane—who, not inappropriately, says Jenkins, was styled by his brother officers and soldiers "the Marion of the army"—remained some months directing the movements consequent upon the return of our troops. On evacuating the conquered land, Lane remarked to a friend "I left my plough to take the sword with a thrill of pleasure; for my country called me. I now go home to resume the plough with as sincere joy."

About the 1st of August, 1848, General Lane reached Indiana. His fellow-citizens were rejoiced to see him; but he had not time to re-pond to the favors extended to him, for on 18th he—without any solicitation on his part—were appointed Governor of Oregon. On the 28th his commission reached him, and on the next day he set out for his post.

On the 2d of March, 1849, about six months after his departure from home, he arrived safely in Oregon City. This journey cost the Government nothing—General Lane not making any charge for his expenses, besides which, he aided largely in subsisting the troops the greater part of the time with the product of his rifle, as he was both the pilot and the hunter of the party.

The Indians of Oregon—of whom there were between 50 and 60 tribes—kept the whites in a constant state of jeopardy. The progress and settlement of the territory were greatly impeded by their depredations. In 1850, a formidable outbreak took place on Rogue River, in the southern part of Oregon. Governor Lane took the field in person, collected a force of settlers, miners, a few officers and men of the regular army, attacked the Indians at Table Rock, and, after a desperate conflict, in which he was severely wounded, drove them from their position. Following this success up with his accustomed vigor, he so severely chastised them that they were glad to accept any terms of peace.

As Delegate from Oregon, General Lane was unremitting in his advocacy of the interests of the Territory, and entering in his efforts for her admission into the Union. The evening of the day Oregon was admitted to the sisterhood of States, the feder-

the event. A band serenaded the President, Vice President, Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, General Lane and others. In response to a call, Governor Stevens introduced General Lane—new Senator elect from the State of Oregon—to the people.—He made a brief speech, in which he said that a bulwark had been raised that day on the shores of the Pacific against foreign invaders, and a fresh assurance given of the perpetuity of the Union.

While Governor Lane was in Oregon, he was named for the Presidency by the Convention assembled at Indianapolis to revise the State Constitution of Indiana. The Democratic State Convention, which met February 24th 1852, formally presented his claims for the Chief Magistracy, pledging the vote of the State to him. On his arrival in Indiana from Oregon, he had a public reception, at which, in the course of an address of welcome, Governor Wright thus briefly reviewed the career of the guest of the day:

"He has been the artificer of his own fortunes; and, in his progress from the farmer on the banks of the Ohio and the commandment of a flat boat, to posts of honorable distinction—to a seat in the House of Representatives and in the Senate of Indiana—to the command of a brigade upon the fields of Buena Vista, Huamantla, and Atlixco—to the Governorship of Oregon, and thence to a seat in Congress—he has displayed the same high characteristics, perseverance, and energy. The annals of our country present no parallel for these facts. He entered the army a volunteer in the ranks, looking forward only to the career of a common soldier. He left a major general, closing his ardent and brilliant services in that memorable campaign by fighting his last battle and capturing his last enemy."

We must acknowledge our indebtedness to the book entitled "Our Living Representatives Men," by John Savage, Esq., for several extracts embodied in these sketches.

A Panther Story.

The last Record of the Times gives the following story of the presence of one of these animals in our vicinity:—

About three weeks ago two little boys aged eight and six years, sons of Jesse S. Dodson, who lives in Fairmount township, in this county, some three or four miles from the Long Pond and on its outlet, went to a spring about eighty rods from the house for water. When they came within a rod or two of the spring a panther stood by it.—They at first supposed it to be a deer, and thinking it strange that it did not run, went on to the spring, the oldest passing within five or six feet of the animal, which he by this time discovered was not a deer. It made a spring passing close by him, he said, "he thought it was going to jump right on him." He then dipped up his water and they started for the house. The panther followed them alternately before and behind them, but always within a short distance, the dog (a middle sized one) keeping between him and the boys, and maintaining a threatening posture for about sixty rods, when coming within about twenty rods and in sight of the house, the whiskered gentleman left them to make the remainder of the journey with the dog only for an escort. On arriving at the house the little fellows told their father what they had seen, who went on the ground and found their story corroborated by the track of a full grown panther. It is said that a large panther's track has been seen about the Long Pond. It has been several years since one of these relics of the wild woods has been seen in that vicinity.

A DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.—There is a charming tradition connected with the site upon which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On the spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said unto his wife, "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take off my shoes, and place with his, without his knowledge." The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motive, said within himself, "My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will attribute this to their support; I will arise, take off my shoes, and place with his, without his knowledge."—Judge of their mutual astonishment, when on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, when on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms flail. Upon ground hallowed with such associations as this was the Temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent—the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brothers whole shock, than add to it a single sheaf!

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY," said a Western lawyer. "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a covetous person, but I'll bet five to one, that if you should bait a steel trap with a new three cent piece, place it within three inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul. I would not—the Court and gentlemen of the jury—I would not trust him in a room with a millstone, and open

A GHOST ON SHIPBOARD.

BY EIGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

Several years ago, I occupied the station of chief mate on board the old ship Flavia. We were homeward bound from Canton.—The night after we cleared the Straits of Sunda, my watch had the deck from eight until twelve. It was a beautiful starlight night, and the watch, with the exception of myself and the man at the wheel, were forward on the top gallant forecastle, listening to the yarns of an old gray-headed son of Neptune. I was lazily pacing the quarter-deck, when, on looking forward, I saw the whole of the starboard watch come tumbling up out of the forecastle in haste.

What this could mean was beyond my comprehension, for it was but little past two bells, and the ship was heading her course with all sails set. I went forward to ascertain the cause of their coming on deck before eight bells; pausing a moment at the gangway I heard the following remarks: "Five don'ts this, to call all hands such a pleasant night as this!"

"I wonder what skipper's thinking of," says another.

"He means to work us up a little for being so long bendin' at that new mainmast this morning," said a third.

"What does all this mean, boys?" said I, stepping forward; "what are you on deck before eight bells for?"

"They all looked at me in utter astonishment. "I ax pardon sir," said one, "but wasn't we called?"

"No; a bit of it," said I; "you must have been dreaming, for it has only struck two bells. Go below and turn in, and mind how you dream."

"If all hands wasn't called, then my name ain't Bob Wilkins," said another of the men.

"Shiver my timbers, if we wasn't," spoke a third, stepping forward, "for I was as wide awake as I am at this blessed minute, and I'm beggared if somebody didn't come to the scuttle and sing out 'All hand ahoy.'"

I now suspected it was a trick played upon them by some one in the watch; questioning my men they all denied it so earnestly, that I immediately came to the conclusion that some of the off watch had been dreaming, imagined he heard the watch called, and arousing up on the instant had awakened the rest. I sent the off watch below again, and went aft.

Judge of my surprise, when, at seven bells, the starboard watch again came on deck. I was provoked, for I was now fully confident they had been called by some one in my watch. I went forward again, and found that the most superstitious of the men believed that there was a ghost on board.

The next night I kept a sharp lookout forward; not one of my men went nigh the scuttle, but a little past four bells, however, the starboard watch made their appearance on deck. I was completely taken aback, for I had been looking forward continually, from the moment I came on deck, and was certain not one of my men had been near the scuttle. I went forward, and found the men nearly frightened out of their senses.—They all declared there was no longer any doubt that there was a ghost aboard, and one of them, who happened to be awake when they were called, said the voice didn't sound like any one of the crew, "but kind of unearthly like."

I laughed at the idea of a ghost calling the watch, but the man shook his head, and declared he had seen two moody ghosts in his day to doubt that there was one on board the Flavia now. This was conclusive evidence, for the man who had spoken had been in nearly every part of the world, and was a great favorite with the crew. I tried to reason with them, although I must confess that things did begin to look a little mysterious. I could not prevail on them to go below for the remainder of the watch.—They all stayed upon deck and told ghost stories till the least flapping of a sail or creaking of a block would cause them to start as if they expected to see a ghost immediately.

In the morning I made the affair known to the captain. He promised to solve the mystery on the following night, provided the watch came on deck before eight bells again. Not much was talked of during the day by the men, but the ghost that called the starboard watch the night before. The next night, soon after my watch came on deck, the captain came up, and going to leeward into the shade of the bulwarks, crept forward and went down into the forecastle without being seen by any of the watch on deck.

His plan was to station himself in the forecastle so that no one could come nigh the scuttle without being seen by him, for he thought, as I had done until convinced to the contrary, that it was one of my men who had caused the disturbance. I stationed myself in the starboard gangway, where I could command a view of everything forward without being seen, and awaited patiently the result of the captain's investigation. I had been waiting nearly an hour, when the captain made a furious rush upon deck, exclaiming, as his head made its appearance above the scuttle:

"I've got you now, you salt water rascal! I'll teach you to—"

Here he stopped as suddenly as if he had been struck by lightning, for not a soul was near the scuttle excepting the captain Tim Kenfield. The men were all forward, loung-

ing on the forecastle door. On my informing him that not a soul had been near there, he stopped me short.

"I know better," said he, "some one came to the scuttle of the forecastle, and called the watch, or began to, at least, but I stopped him by springing upon deck.—The rascal was too quick for me this time, but he won't escape again."

The captain, thinking it not at all likely that the attempt to call the watch before eight bells would be again made that night, went aft and "turned in," although he announced to me his determination of watching again on the following night. He also declared his intention of immediately adding half an ounce of cold lead to the rations of the first man whom he should detect in alarming the watch before eight bells.

I resolved to solve the mystery that very night, however, if possible, which I did in the following way. As soon as the captain had gone below, I went forward and descended into the forecastle. I satisfied myself that the off watch were all fast asleep, and then stationed myself as far up on the ladder as I could without having my head seen from deck, and there I awaited the coming of the ghost. I did not have to wait long, however, before a voice directly over my head cried out, "Starboard watch ahoy! eight bells, bullies! I arouse up there!"

The voice sounded so strangely, that I was not a little startled, and if, at any one period of my life more than another, I have become nigh believing in the existence of ghosts, I firmly believe it was that moment; but I sprang immediately on deck. As I did so, I heard a sort of whizzing noise, and the next instant I caught a glimpse of something crowding itself between the slats of a hatch, that was washed by the mainmast. I went immediately to the cabin and procured a lantern, and upon searching the hatch cover, I found—not a ghost, but a large parrot sitting quietly on the perch with the hens. The mystery is now fully explained.

While we were stopping at the "Straits," the ship Vancouver put in there for the purpose of trading with the natives. Upon examining the parrot, I at once found him to be a deserter from that ship. I had seen him on board of her the morning before we sailed, and one of the Vancouver men had given me a full account of his wonderful powers as an orator. He had been taught to call the watch, and I suppose he considered it to be his duty to do so now that he was in a new ship, although he did not seem to be particular as to the time. As soon as he had alarmed the watch, he would immediately secrete himself in the coop with the hens. It was sometime after this before he ventured to make his appearance in the day time, and never would allow himself to be caught, although he was very tame on board the Vancouver.

A Scene in Paris Life.

A young blade, meeting a handsome intriguante at the opera, who seemed to be a lady of quality, in default, of the appearance of her carriage, offered to see her down in his own. She consented, and her valet de pied mounted the box. The acquaintance was mutually pleasing, and resulted in an appointment to meet the next noon. The young man, surprised that the valet did not follow his lady, when she entered her home, learned that she resided a long distance off. In the goodness of his heart, he offered to set him down also at his home. Before separating, the valet approached the window of the carriage and made a little French speech as follows: He informed our friend exactly what would occur if he went to the house at two o'clock. At three precisely, the door bell will ring. Madam will be thrown into a fright, you will ask why, she will say, "nothing, only a constable is come to levy on the furniture." Lady will faint, and you will pay the bill. Having a carriage of your own you will pay 1,174s. If you had a hired carriage you would pay 528s. For gentleman on foot the sum is only 211s.

If you pay, as it is possible you will, and as all your predecessors have done, you will place the money in my hands, for it is I that am the constable, thanks to a red wig, a black coat and blue spectacles. You can scarcely imagine, sir, how much a red wig, a black coat and blue spectacles gives one the air of a constable. I see by your expression that you do not believe what I have told you. So you had better come to-morrow at two o'clock, and if the programme is not executed, point for point as I have detailed it to you, you may break your cane over my back. I wish you a good evening, sir. The young man kept the appointment and found everything according to the programme except that instead of 1,174s, he gave a Nap, to the constable and slipped out of the door with a hearty laugh.

A REMARKABLE inundation occurred in Scotland in the year 1771, which ever since that period has been known as the "flood." A little town called Paradise is situated within the district which suffered from this disaster. At a subsequent trial, a Scotchman of sixty years of age, who was a witness, was asked if he knew Mr.—?

"No," he replied, "but aw kend his faith-ur." "When was that?" "Before the flood." "Now, my man," inquired the learned counsel (who knew nothing of the flood of 1771, and thought to be "down" upon the witness), "where did you live, then?" "In Paradise, to be sure!" A roar of laughter

Child Charmed by a Snake.

We have heard the particulars of a wonderful case of snake fascination from an authentic source, which we will briefly relate, however much they may shock the sensibilities of the delicate portion of our readers. There is residing on Monroe street, near the eastern line of the city, a worthy family by the name of Davis, the head of the family being employed in a nursery. Mr. and Mrs. Davis have a daughter two years of age, who has become attached to a snake, which came in the yard from an adjoining field a few days since, and has become so much under the influence of the reptile that it appears to think of but little else. The snake and the child first met, no doubt, while the latter was at play in the yard near the house, but just how long since, the parents do not know. One day Mrs. Davis found the snake in the arms of the child, and the little girl was fondling it as she would a kitten. The mother was naturally much alarmed by the apparent peril in which she saw her child, and seized a stick to destroy the reptile. The snake retreated, showed its tongue, and hissed at the mother. The child cried, and begged so hard of its parent to desist, that she allowed the snake to retreat to its hiding place.

It soon became apparent that the little girl thought of little else but her companion, the snake, and would return to the yard in search of it as often as she was allowed to do so. Under the fascination of this reptile, the child—a very pretty little girl—has begun to decline, and now weighs but eighteen pounds. Respectable physicians were consulted, it is said, and advised that no violence be used toward the snake, as it might prove fatal to the child. How many meetings the child and the snake have had we are not positively informed, but we infer that they have been frequent. When they meet they rush to each other with all the apparent emotions of friendship and attachment that can exist between two living beings. Only yesterday Mrs. Davis came to the city with the little girl, and when she returned the party left in charge of the house informed her that the snake had been more bold than usual, and had actually been upon the steps leading to the door, awaiting the appearance of the child.

As to the size and variety of this reptile we are not advised. We suppose however it is one of the common brown wood snakes which are regarded as harmless and which seldom attain a length of more than three feet.

This affair has attracted the attention of the neighbors of Mr. Davis and many have urged that the child be allowed to play with the snake for their amusement; but this has been denied we understand. The parents feel much alarmed and desire to remove their little girl from the fascinating influence of the snake without prejudice to her health and existence. They have been told that it is dangerous to take any sudden step in the matter and have not yet done anything to avert the consequences they fear.

Our informants are men who are reliable and who have conversed with the family and have seen the child referred to. They represent the parents to be worthy people and the child to be a pretty one, bright and intelligent but evidently in declining health.—Rochester Union.

SIMPLICITY—A little unbreeched fellow, the idol of his mother, and plague of his father, went to the post office and inquired if there was a letter for his "Dranna?" "For whom?" inquired the Postmaster. "For dranna," answered the little fellow. "Well, what is your grandpa's name?" "Why drannama calls him Josh." "Well, what does your grandfather call her?" "He say, 'Oh thunder, Bets, do keep your crack stick for once.'" The Postmaster baffled by the urchin's simplicity dismissed him, with the request that he should return home and ask his "Drannama her name."

"Say, madam fair, why dost thou weep? Some secret sorrow, hidden deep within thy heart, is bringing into thine eyes those pearly tears, sweet memory of by-gone years, true fountain, like up springing of unrequited love, a dream walks from some hidden source, the stream that down thy cheek is stealing?" "Nay, 'tis not love?" "What then, oh, say?" "Well, then, we dine on goose to-day; the onions I have been peeling?"

The most amusing man in the world is a Frenchman in a passion. "By gar, you call my wife a woman two tree several times once more, and I will call you to the watch-house; and blow out your brains like a candle." Timothy says the first time he